

4928
Andrew the Scot



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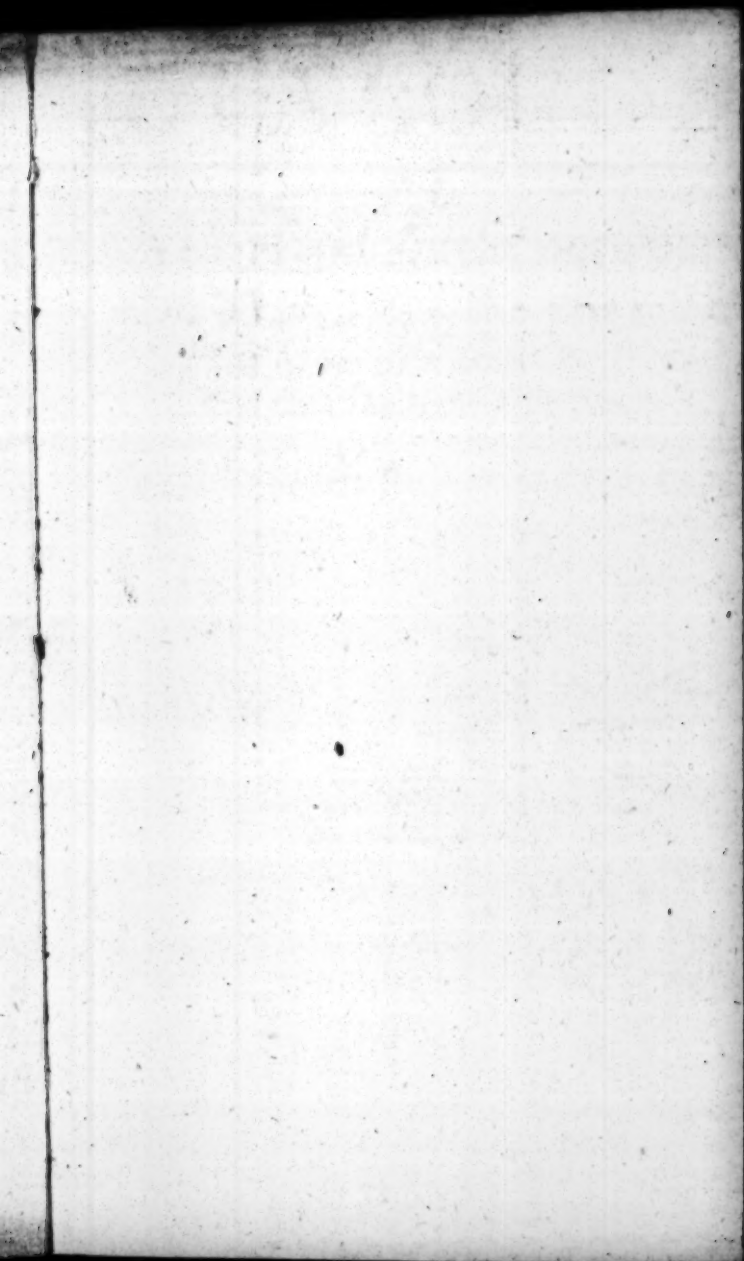
Believed unique

Pt 6

not in H. Lains

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A New
DIALOGUE

O R,
A brief discourse between
two Travellers; the one call'd
by the name of *Andrew the Scot*;
the other, *David the Welchman*.

Setting forth the Condition that
the *Scots* are in, the Opinions that
the *Welch* are on, the Miseries that
Ireland indures, and the Calamities
of England.

Shewing also the intents and desires
of the major part of people in every Coun-
treys, Countie, Shire, City, Borough,
Towne and Village, within His
Majesties Dominions.

With a Compendious Prophecie;

Compos'd by a woman nam'd *Mi-
stris White*, now living in the town of *Cardiff*
of the age of 112 years, who hath pointed
out strange matters concerning
this Kingdomes Affaires,

London, Printed for *Tho: Vere*, dwelling at
the upper end of the *Old Bayley*. 1648.

DIALOGUE

OR

A brief discourse between
two Travellers; the one call'd
by the name of *Walden* in the West;
the other *Diamond* in the East.

Sending forth the Condition that

the gods are in, the Opinion that

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A
Discourse betweene two
Travellers; *Andrew the Scot,*
and *David the Welsh-man.*

Andrew.

WELL met Cousin David: I have
not seene thee a long time before.
Præthee what good newes hast thou
brought me under thy Monmouth Cap?

David. Dost thou heare me Cousin *An-*
drew; If thou carriest no better newes un-
der thy blew Bonnet, then I doe under my
Mo nmouth Cap, the matter will all come to
nought, and that very shortly.

And. Why, I understand David, that
thou hast of late beene in Ireland, and wee
have ebery one expected good newes from
thence; therefore use thou no delay, but di-
spatch

spatch and tell me some of the best passages that are now in Ireland.

Dav. If I tell thee newes of *Ireland*, I shall tell thee such bloody news that 'twill make thy heart bleed to heare it, if thou art a Christian.

And. Let me intreat thee in a faire way to declare unto me the miserable estate, that the Inhabitants of *Ireland* are in, and I shall be as diligent to give thee satisfaction for what I have heard and seen both in *Scotland* and *England*, as may counterbaile thy *Irish Tragedy*.

Dav. Then thus it is: In the Kingdome of *Ireland* are three Armies, one of the which are for the King; the second, are for King and Parliament; the third, are neither for King nor Parliament, which are Rebels indeed, naturally borne in that Countrey, and called the wilde *Irish*. Now while there is a Cessation of Arms between the *English* Armies, the wilde *Irish* dare not shew themselves, but hide themselves in Caves and Woods, and dare not to bee seen. But when the two *English* Armies are in combustion one with the other, then the wilde *Irish* Rebels take their opportunity, then they run through the countries which
is

is call'd the English *Pale*; and having no opposition to withstand them, they make Waste, Destruction, and Ruine; in all parts where they come; Firing of houses, Deflowering of Virgins, Ravishing of Women, Slaughtering of men, and cutting the Throats of children.

And This is bloody newes indeed; but I thought there had beene a generall Peace concluded on throughout all Ireland.

Dav. No, nor never will be, till there be a Generall Peace concluded throughout all England, Scotland, and *Wales*; for if the fountaine or spring affords nothing but unwholesome water, how can the Rivers or Ponds that are fed therewith chuse but to favour of the same?

And. What meane you by those Fountains, and Springs, Rivers, and Ponds, which you talke of? What doe you tearme the fountaine to be?

Dav. I tearme the Fountaine, or Spring, to be the Kingdome of England; and the Rivers, or Ponds, to be Scotland, Ireland, and *Wales*; which are continually fed and replenished by the English Fountaine: So that what the Fountaine favours of, the Ri-

vers savours of the same. When the Fountaine afforded good wholesome water, so did the Rivers; and as the Fountaine did, or doth alter, so doe the Ponds and Rivers also. In a word, when England was at Peace, all were at Peace; and when England went to Wars, all went to Rack.

And. Thou hast very well answered: and what thou hast said is knowne to be true: And because thou hast given me such satisfaction, I will indeavour my selfe to shew thee the passages of the people in those parts which I have travelled in: And first, I'll begin with my Countrymen the Scots, who for the most part of them are never satisfied, full, nor fasting; give them some, they'll have all; give them all, they'll have more: Yet like the old Proverb, They are sometimes penny-wise, and pound foolish.

Dav. But how stands the people affected to the Church and States Government?

And. They are there even as they are here in England; Some will goe to the Church, some will not: Some will heare Sermons preacht in no places but Churches; and some will heare none but them that are preacht in Stables, Barnes, under

der Hedges, by the like. In the meane
while, many Reverend Ministers, that are
both able and willing to preach the word
of the Lord, are persecuted, rebiled, and
scornfully spoken of by a sort of Fanaticke
pocities, who are just as Judas was, All for
what will you give me.

Ans. If this be true which thou hast spo-
ken, Scotland is in a very sad condition con-
cerning Church Government. But what
say you of the States Government? Canst
thou resolve me upon that point?

Ans. For that matter I will answer
thee as well as I may: The Scots are like
many of the English, I will not say all;
They have giddy braines, itching eares,
ungodly wits, covetous desires, wandering
minds, fickle thoughts, hollow hearts, and
dissembling tongues, and may very well
serve to make good the old Proverb; So
many men, so many minds.

Dav. Thou speakest well for thy Coun-
treymen, but are they all so?

Ans. No, God forbid they should be all
so: I know some, though I cannot name
them, that are Religious, Vertuous, Wise,
Prudent, Charitable, and men of good
Consciences; but I must confesse, there
are too few of them.

Dav.

Dav. Well, what hast thou to say of those parts of England where thou hast been travelling?

And. I say, that a man may travell threescore miles in England, and yet scarce find three men of one mind, though they be all of one company. I have heard some cry out for an old King, and a new Parliament; I have heard others cry for a Parliament, and no King; and some there be would have no King nor Parliament; but I thinke the young Crack Kope, Squire Brandon, will lead them a dance to Tybourne for that trick, and some others, on one of the odde Holy-days, and weare gay Clothes for their sakes. And now David, what sayst thou for the Country of Wales, does the Country stand up for the King, or no?

Dav. There is never a man that is a true Britaine, borne from the East to the West part of all Wales that I know, but is of this Opinion, that King Charles is appointed by the mighty Lord and King of heaven to bee our King upon earth; and for his sake, in a just and lawfull cause, will not onely venter their Possessions, but their Goods and Estates, their Lives, and all for his Majesties Rights,

Rights and for the Parliaments just Priviledges : And for mine own part, I will pray that King Charles may have a long life, comfortable dayes, and Friends in time of need. And thus I hope, that all those that hear me, or shall hereafter read this booke, will heartily say, Amen. And Amen say I.

And. Pet David, I have one thing more to speake of concerning a Countrey-woman of thine, which is said to be a Prophetesse ; As there any such matter in Wales ?

Dav. Yes, and Ile shew the manner of it : In the Towne of Cardiffe, in the West part of Wales, lives a woman call'd Mistris White of an hundred and twelve years old, who upon the third day of May, 1648 spake these words as followeth, by way of Prophesie.

The 15 of this month of May,
Shall be a sad disastrous day,
And they that Charles his part doe take,
Shall dearly suffer for his sake ;
And many of his friends shall flye
Like dust before the Enemy.

But in the pleasant Moneth of June,
The Birds will sing another tune ;
A glorious Splendour shall appeare,
And so protect our Sovereigne Deare.
The Scorpions sting, nor poyson strong,
Shall have no power to doe him wrong.

Diew Cathee whee,
Guentblen White,

Vivat Rex.
And

(8)
And. I think the woman that wrote these
Lines was sent him to mother Shipton;
but the fifteenth day of May is already past;
and I heard of no such matter brought to
passe as this Prophecie makes mention of.

Dav. Sayst thou so, why then Ile tell
thee of two Disasters that hapned on that
very day; one was in the Bishopricke of
Durham, where were seven Gentlemen ri-
ding upon the way, which some met with
in the habit of Souldiers; fought with
them, and tooke away both Money and
Clothes, and after killed foure of them, say-
ing, That they knew some of them to bee
Cavaliers. The second was at *Clifton* in
Dorset, where the Townes-men rose one a-
gainst the other: some taking the Kings
part, and some the Parliaments part, where
were twentie six persons flaine by their own
neighbours.

And. This is sad news indeed, but when
darest thou think these times will mend?

Dav. When Lawyers deale honestly with
their clyents, when rich men grow bountifull,
when shopkeepers leaves off dissembling,
when the Army is paid and disbanded, when
our Royall King *Charles* enjoys his former
happinesse, and when a generall peace is
concluded in *England*, which God grant may
speedily come to passe.

And.

And. Thou wert used heretofore to
sing me now and then a merry crotchet when
we met together; what have all thy old me-
riment forsaken thee now; Præthee come
lets hear thee sing one pretty straine which
may fit with the times.

Dav. You shall.

The Welshmans Song.

The Tune is, Merrily and Cherrily.

Poore Charity quite
out of England is fled,
She could have no harbour
amongst us to stay;
And Conscience with griefe of heart
is almost dead,
'Cause she could in Britaine
no longer beare sway:
Since which Dissolution
such strange things are wrought,
Which hath our whole Kingdome
to beggery brought:
This makes both the City
and Country complaine,
Wishing that good Conscience
might come here againe.

Since Conscience her presence
so long hath beene mist,

The

The lofty brave Cedars
 are lopt and cut downe;
 And all men are suffered
 to doe what they list,
 Which breeds a distraction
 in City and Towne :
 This makes the proud beggar
 begin to aspire,
 Who being got up
 will streight strive to climbe higher;
 A Lord's but his fellow
 he dares it maintaine,
*O Conscience, when wilt thou
 come hither againe ?*

And now that each man
 hath his free liberty,
 To use his owne will,
 and to doe his owne minde;
 Plain-dealing and honesty
 quite is cast by,
 By wofull experience
 these matters we find :
 The Swearer, the Drunkard,
 and Whore-monger may
 Doe what things they will,
 and make choice of their day :

Like

(11)
Like *Jewes, Turkes, and Pagans,*
Gods Word they prophane,
O, when will good Conscience
come hither againe ?

Both Weavers and Taylors
are suffered to preach,
With Tinkers, and Coblers,
and Broom-men also;
And *Toby* that once climb'd
an inch above's reach,
Doth now in his Silkes
like a Senator goe :
He tells you a Stable
or Barne is as good,
As any Church that's built
of Stone, Lime, or Wood :
And thus in ungodlinesse
still they doe reigne,
O, when will good Conscience
come hither againe ?

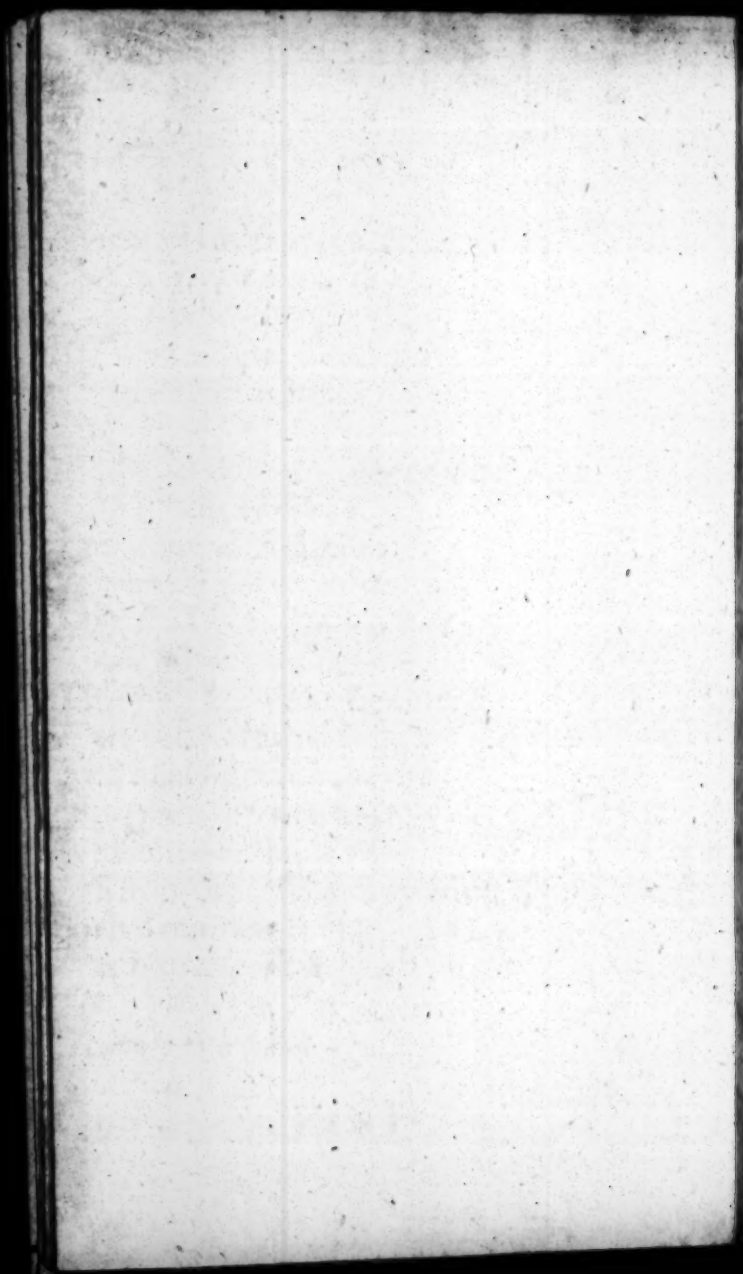
Thus is both our Church
and Religion abus'd,
And many good Christians
brought into despaire,
And some godly Ministers
have been misus'd,

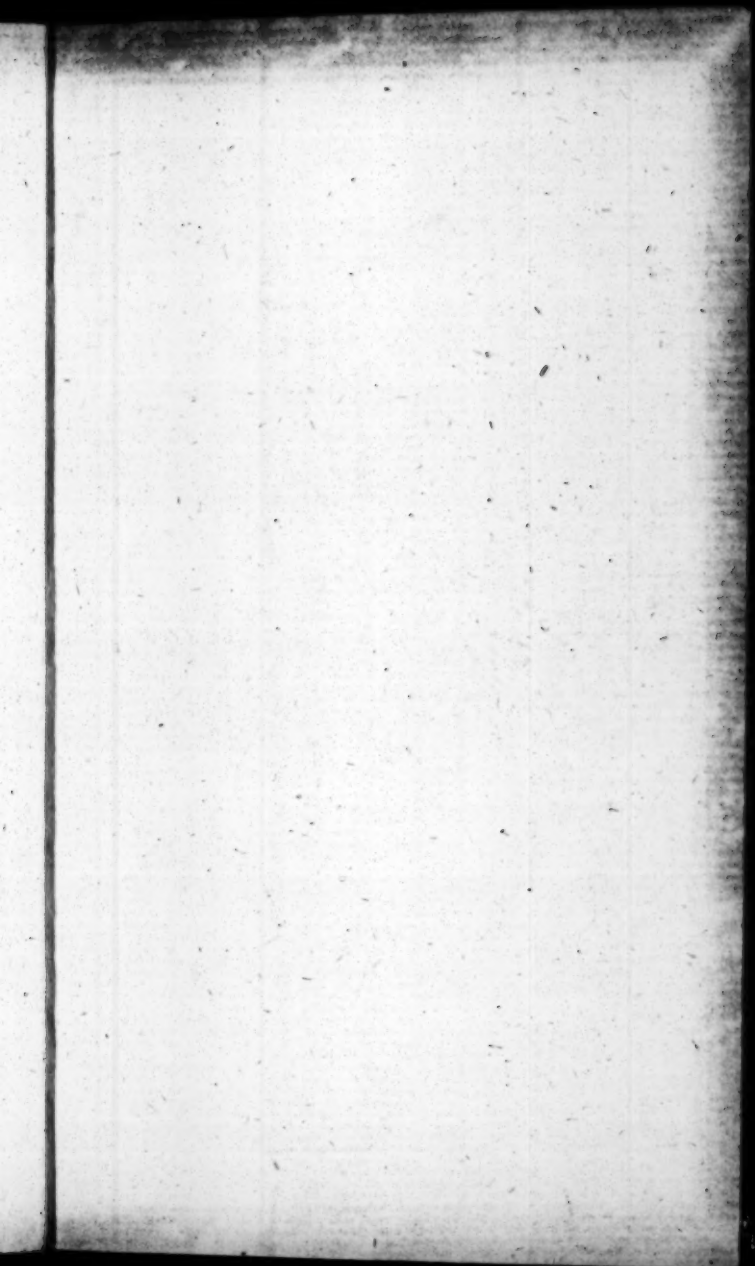
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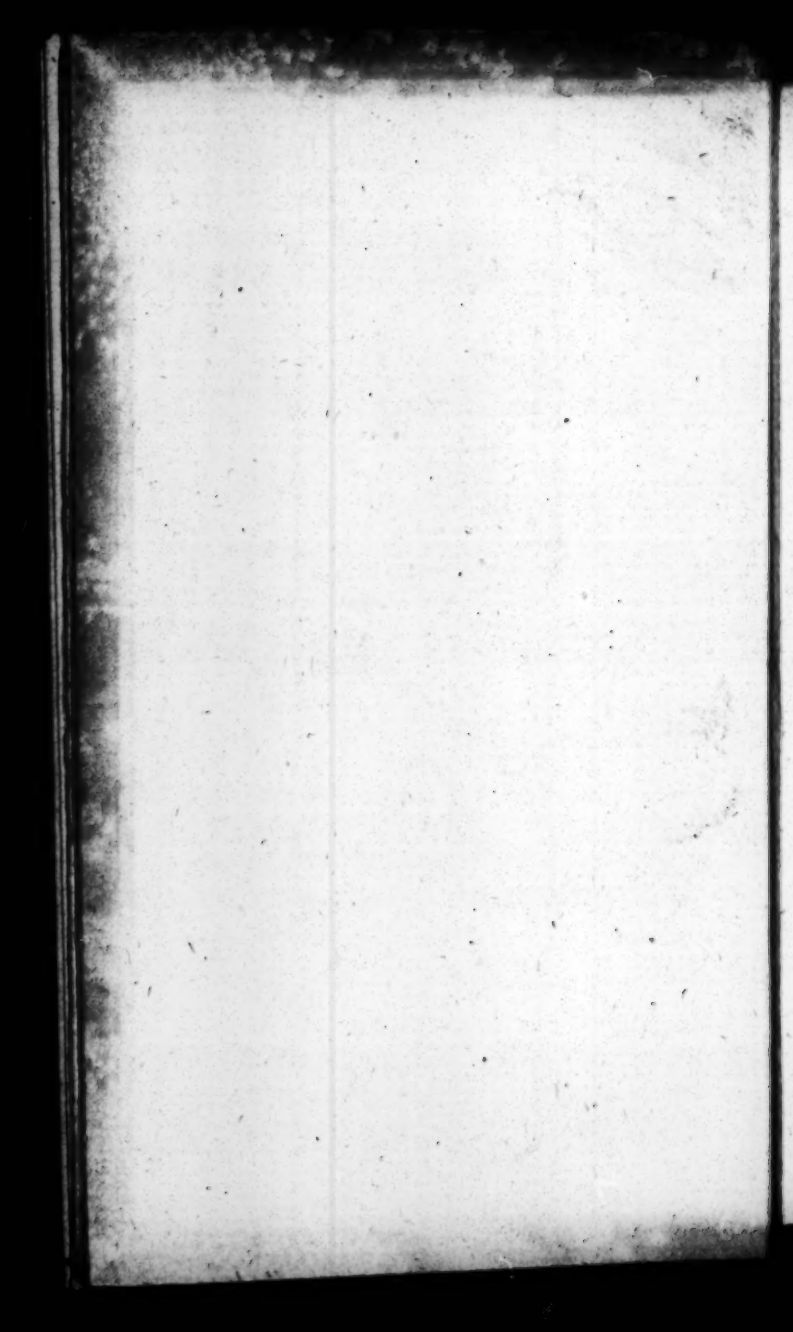
By them that never learn'd
how to say the Lords Prayer:
The *Papist* and *Atheist*
may now domineere;
Because no opposers
against them appeare:
Poore *Abel* was murdred
by his brother *Caine*,
O, when will good Conscience
come hither againe?

And now doth our Kingdome
in mutinies rise,
For want of Religion
our actions to guide:
Like mad men and women
our selves we disguise,
Through franticke Opinions
we thus doe divide:
And many great numbers
prepare them to fight,
Which never did well
Know the wrong way from right:
Such damnable doings
is like to remaine,
Till such time that Conscience
come to us againe.

FINIS.







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